

Gossip About Uncle Sam's Diplomats



CONSUL HUBBARD T. SMITH IN CHINESE DRESS AND HIS CHINESE BOY.



CONSUL GENERAL WILDMAN AND HIS PET TIGER CAT.

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SHANGHAI, Oct. 25, 1900.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Uncle Sam's representatives in China have their hands full. The war has increased their business a hundredfold. It has multiplied their responsibilities. The consulates are everywhere overrun with Americans. Claims for damages of all kinds are coming in, and persecuted missionaries are thicker than blackberries in August. Nearly every one has a valid ground for his claim, and the total damages will form a big bill for China to settle.

The busiest post of all is here at Shanghai. This is the center of foreign interests in China, and it is the center of mission interests as well. Since the war began the Americans from the whole Yangtze valley and from the country north and south of it have rushed in, and there is still a steady stream going in and out of the American consul general's office. The consul general has had charge of the American diplomatic interests during the greater part of this year. Minister Conger has been penned up in the legation at Peking, the telegraphic lines in the hands of the Chinese have transmitted little else than lies, and the real news of the State department has been supplied from Shanghai.

It is a fortunate thing for us that our consul general has risen to the demands of his position. He has proved himself one of the ablest of the men who are here representing foreign nations, and he has kept the United States at the front. Five years ago he was comparatively unknown except in the northwest. Today he is an international character. The great powers of Europe realize his ability and his praises are sounded in half the newspapers of the United States. You have read of him and know that his name is John Goodnow, that he comes from Minneapolis, and was appointed by Mr. McKinley at the first of his term. You may have heard that he is 42 years of age and that he was a business man, with a political bent, before he entered the consular service. These are matters of record, but they give you little idea of the man. You have to live with John Goodnow to know him. I have spent weeks with him, and I like him. Just before the war I took a ten days' trip with him through the canals a couple of hundred miles back of Shanghai in a house boat, and I can tell you he wears. Let me make his pen picture.

John Goodnow is a combination of a diplomat, a business man and a political striker. He would not be out of place as minister to Peking, he would fit well into any crowd of New York bankers and brokers and he can hold his own among the politicians of a national convention. He is a blonde, about six feet tall, rather slender, but wiry and full of grit.

Washington Against McKinley.

One thing I like about John Goodnow is his sturdy Americanism. He has not an English hair in his head, not a foreign bone in his body. He believes in the living present and that the United States is a part of it. His American eagle has wings which cover the world and he thinks that President McKinley is directing its flight. He honors George Washington, I know, but when he came here an incident occurred which showed that he honors William McKinley more. There was at the time an old engraving of Washington hanging near the desk over the mantle in the consul general's office. Goodnow brought with him a fine steel engraving of McKinley and when he

moved in he shoved Washington to the back wall of the room and put McKinley in his place. This caused a great outcry among the old American residents. They said the act was sacrilegious and called upon the new consul general to remonstrate. Mr. Goodnow listened patiently and when they concluded by asking him to pull down William and reinstate old George he replied:

"I prefer William McKinley to have the place of honor in this consulate. He is as able as any president we have had and I owe to him my presence here. As to George Washington, I am glad to have his face still look down from my walls. You may think his present place a secondary one, but, gentlemen, this is a live consulate. President McKinley is very much alive, and, if I remember correctly, President Washington has been dead some years."

President's Advice as to Missions.
Much of Consul General Goodnow's business is with the missionaries. The United States does more mission work in China than any other nation, and Shanghai is the center of the American movement. Goodnow is a friend of the missionaries and he pushes their interests. He recently got a big block of land for one of the stations from the Chinese officials, and he has done much to encourage the missionary hospitals, which he thinks are accomplishing great good. When he leaves Shanghai he often places Rev. Dr. John R. Hykes, the head of the American Bible society, in charge of the consulate, and he makes it his business to watch the interests of American missions as well as American trade.

His action in this respect was probably stimulated by a remark which President McKinley made when Goodnow visited him at the White House just before he left for China. As the president bade him good-bye he shook his hand and said:

"Now, John, there is one thing I want you to especially remember. This is that you are going out to China as the rep-

resentative of the American people, not simply as the representative of American trade. I want you to push our trade interests in every possible way, but I want you also to keep your eye on the missions and do what you can for them, for, remember, that for every man who is interested to the extent of a dollar in trade there are a thousand who are dropping their nickels into the missionary plate."

Queer Consular Experiences.

John Goodnow is full of stories of his queer consular experiences. His position is a curious one. He is the judge of the mixed court of Shanghai, and as such has jurisdiction of all Americans in his consular district. As to some cases he is practically the supreme judge for the whole of China. He has to deal with the Chinese officials and he is one of the executives who rule the foreigners of Shanghai. As to the Americans, they use him for everything. Stranded sailors come to him for money to get home, and American women and men bring their troubles to him. Not long ago a very pretty young woman, who frequently grows desperate over her quarrels with her husband, called at the consulate. She came into Goodnow's office, which, by the way, is a very handsome one. It has the most beautiful desk I have ever seen, and the carpet is a velvet rug. Goodnow was sitting at his desk when the woman came in. He looked as he always does, just as cool as the center seed of a well-iced cucumber, while she spluttered like a doughnut when first dropped into the boiling grease of the skillet. She almost screamed: "Mr. Goodnow, I am going to kill myself! I am going to kill myself right here!"

"What!" said the consul general. "I don't think you mean it! I don't think you would be so impolite as to kill yourself here and spoil my new carpet."

This made the woman more angry than ever, but her anger was turned from her husband to the consul general. The current of her mind was changed by the re-

mark, and Goodnow soon got her to tell him her troubles. He persuaded her to give up all idea of suicide and to go back to her husband as though nothing had happened. She did so, and a few days later Goodnow saw the two walking along the Shanghai Bund arm-in-arm, cooing and chortling like turtle doves in the spring.

One of the queer features of the consulate is the jail. This is necessary, for the consul general has to punish the criminals of his own nationality. The jail is in the consulate, and the prisoners are fed by the consul general at a cost of 50 cents each per day. The fact that they always come out fat is an evidence that the allowance is plenty, and the consul general's cook, I suppose, makes a profit off the feeding.

One of the queer characters in the jail at present is a murderer. He is a very decent fellow, who killed a Chinese half in self-defense, but in such a way that he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. I think Consul General Goodnow imposed the sentence. The man is very kindly treated. He spends much of his time in the consul general's office, some in taking strolls about Shanghai, and another part in his cell, where he goes to sleep. He is really a bright fellow, and he is glad to do such work as he can. First I thought that if I were he I would run away, but upon second reflection concluded that I should be surely arrested if I sailed to any other port upon telegraphic notice from here, and that if I took my chances among the Chinese I should be either killed or starved.

Our Minister to Peking.

One of the most influential of all the diplomats here is our minister to Peking. The important part which America holds in the settlement of the war gives Major Conger to a certain extent the balance of power in the negotiations. He is, if anything, too diplomatic and too little aggressive, but

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



Lieutenant Rust. United States Marshal Mowrer. Paymaster Dyer. Captain Cox. Minister Conger. Consul Smith. Chinese Assistant Secretary Cheshire. Ensign Leigh. GROUP OF AMERICAN DIPLOMATS—TAKEN BEFORE CONSULATE AT CANTON.

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